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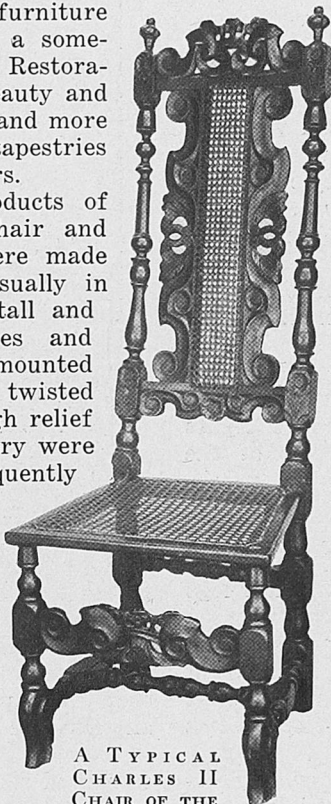
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tulip and other design motifs appeared in the carving.

Oaken furniture of a late Jacobean type continued to be made to some extent, but gradually the lighter forms and the use of walnut superseded it. The architectural note in furniture almost entirely disappeared. It was a somewhat mixed, exotic style, that of the Restoration period, but one not lacking in beauty and distinction. Marquetry became more and more popular, and the use of expensive tapestries and embroideries for upholstered chairs.

Perhaps the most noteworthy products of this period were the Charles II chair and the gate-leg table. These chairs were made in oak and maple sometimes, but usually in walnut or beech. The backs were tall and narrow, with carved cresting, sides and underbraces. They were often surmounted by a Tudor rose or a crown. Slender, twisted columns and rich scrolls carved in high relief became a feature. Cane and upholstery were used for backs and seats, the backs frequently consisting of narrow cane panels within an elaborately carved frame.

These chairs were of two general types—Flemish and Spanish. In the Flemish type the back consisted of turned stiles within which was a cane panel bordered by scroll-work carving. The legs were usually S-shaped, with scroll feet and a broad scroll-work underbrace in front. In the Spanish type the legs were turned and the backs were of solid cane or tooled leather. The feet were square and flaring—the typical Spanish foot. Toward the end of the period the



A TYPICAL
CHARLES II
CHAIR OF THE
FLEMISH TYPE, WITH
SCROLL-WORK CARVING,
CANE SEAT AND BACK,
AND THE FLEMISH FOOT.

day-bed or cane sofa became fashionable, with ornamental details closely following those of the chairs.

Long oak dining-tables, showing more refinement than formerly in the turning of legs and struts, and with carved aprons, belong to this period, but these gave place to tables with two swinging leaves. The most noteworthy table of this type, and the most interesting introduction of the period, was the gate-leg table, made usually in oak or walnut. It was usually round, though sometimes oval or rectangular, with sometimes a border carved around the top in low relief. It had turned underbraces and supports and six or more turned legs, two or four of which could be opened like gates to support the drop leaves.

Another noteworthy product is found in the beautiful cupboards, cabinets, chests of drawers and clock cases of the period, usually of walnut and inlaid in elaborate and intricate patterns. The beds, however, were still heavy four-posters, with clumsy testers and stuffy hangings.

Walnut was found to be a much better medium than oak for work of this kind, and by the time of James II's reign it had practically driven out the coarser-grained wood as the fashionable material.

The period of the Restoration, therefore, was marked by a distinct change in furniture styles, with greater luxury, grace and ornateness. A new period of Anglo-Dutch furniture will be discussed in the next paper.

THE COLONIAL CHURCHES OF AMERICA

BY JAMES CHURCH ALVORD

AMERICA has given to the world just two types of architecture—the Mission buildings of California and the Colonial style of the Revolutionary era. The houses of this latter are recognized everywhere as delightful, even the smallest details of them are hunted up, preserved, copied, forged; our modern world has decreed them things of beauty and is preparing to enjoy them forever. But America has not yet discovered the Colonial meeting-house. In most cities it is extinct. Worcester, Massachusetts, for example, owned one in every Orthodox parish—the city is multitudinously Orthodox—thirty years ago; but to-day each has been replaced by a hideous pseudo-Gothic creation, brick veneered over with stone generally. Monstrosities they are, with square-topped windows, Norman ornamentations, iron towers. Yet Worcester is but a sample. In the environs of "artistic and cultured Boston" committees are planning new vandalisms, the tearing down of antique and lovely shrines, the erection of fresh horrors of mongrel architecture. One by one, as fire eats up the venerable fanes, the stone creations of Europe are aped in wood to replace them. Where the church is too primitive and plain, instead of decorating it,

developing it along the historic lines, it is torn down. As the Huguenots smashed the exquisite medieval cathedrals of Northern France for piety; so the sons of the Puritans are selling the dreams of their ancestors for lumber. Yet the Colonial church is the indigenous growth of American religion and is fitted for the streets of our towns and cities as none other can be.

The Colonial Church is the evolution of the classical forms of the English Renaissance, modified by local conditions and characterized by more refinement in proportion and detail. The change grew from one condition—the American architect built of wood. He recognized from the outset both the advantages and limitations of his material, accepted the door and window with a flat lintel, threw definitely away all round-tops and pointed arches, save for a fan-window here and there, confessing that the arch is a shape for stone. Having accepted this—a limitation perhaps—he lightened his church everywhere to correspond with his material, thus gaining an elegance of which England was ignorant. He then went swiftly on to perfect the steeple, that glory of America. He built it into a living flame. The tower of the Old Church

at Northampton (given in the illustrations) is on the model of the twenty spires visible from London Bridge, all of the Christopher-Wren-Inigo-Jones ideal. How clumsy and uninspired they are can be seen at once. The Old Church loses grace and life beside its vivid comrades on the page.

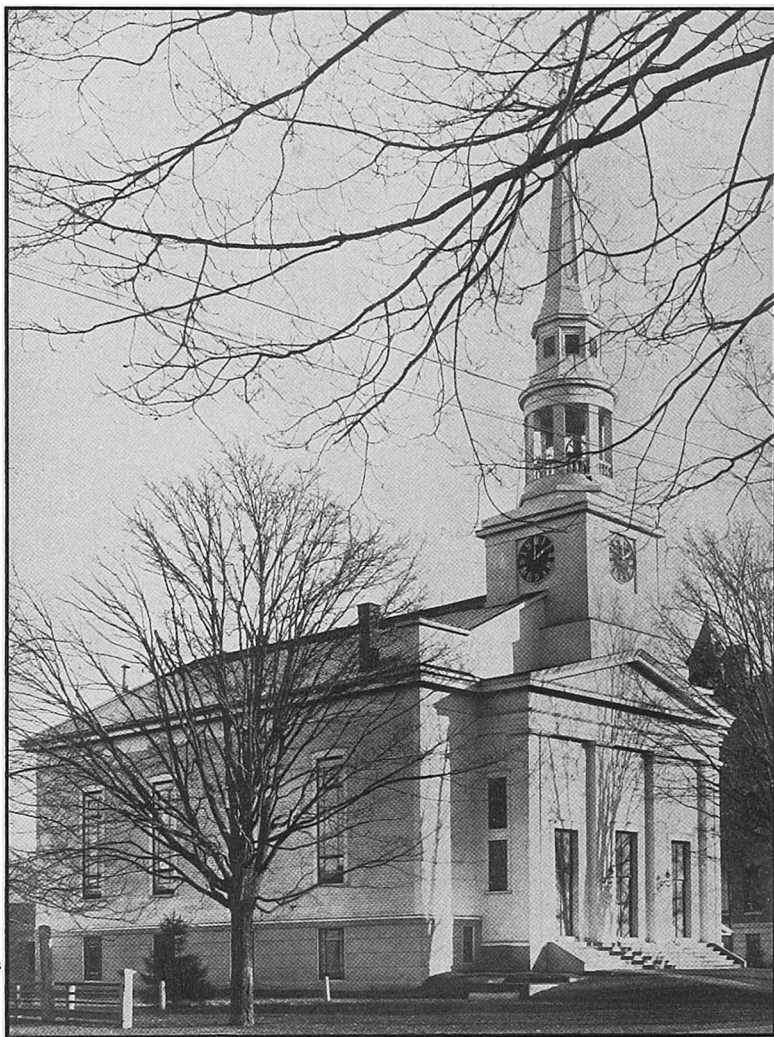
The Gothic was built for the processions of the Roman Catholic Church. It is difficult to speak in, hard to heat, hides the face of the preacher with its interior pillars—in short it is for the Mass. The Colonial Church is Protestant. It is built around the sermon. It sees well, sits well, hears well, warms well.

It was the successor to that dry-goods-box style of architecture in which the Puritan did so exceedingly delight. The grim old fellow detested gew-gaws. He couldn't quite keep them off his women folk; but he did refuse them to his meeting-house. Four walls and the Holy Ghost were enough for him. The Holy Ghost furnished all the heating apparatus at that. But with the advent of commerce, wealth, independence, there arrived a demand that the Home of God be handsome. The first tentative embellishments, a timorous heresy, blossomed along the Atlantic front. New ideas came in with ships. In this building at Manchester-by-the-Sea the gable, the projecting front, the four fan-windows, bold departures for their day, are far more archaic than that hallelujah of an uprushing steeple. They are the commencement of a revolt and quaintly interesting. Fortunate indeed is the church which possesses such a building. It should be left alone in its glory.

But the idea spread, grew, unfolded. Ideas have that habit. The architect became bold. With that revival of classical learning which baptized the lads Caius and Junius, set homes fashioned after Grecian temples at every turn of the Hudson River and drilled boys in the ancient tongues to the neglect of French and German, he began to add pillars, porticoes, entablatures, all the enthusiasms of the Renaissance to his churches. The decorations

sneaked in, feeling with frightened hands. The porches were niggardly, the pillars were pilasters. The South Church of St. Johnsbury, Vermont, is a delicious example of such timid work, though there are many erections in New England with even less than its square pilasters with a Doric suggestion as a capital, its hint of an entablature (in the wrong spot), its boldly shaded tympanum, its drip-mouldings over doors and windows. The dry-goods-box has taken on distinction to reign over the village.

There was no taming of the architectural frenzy.

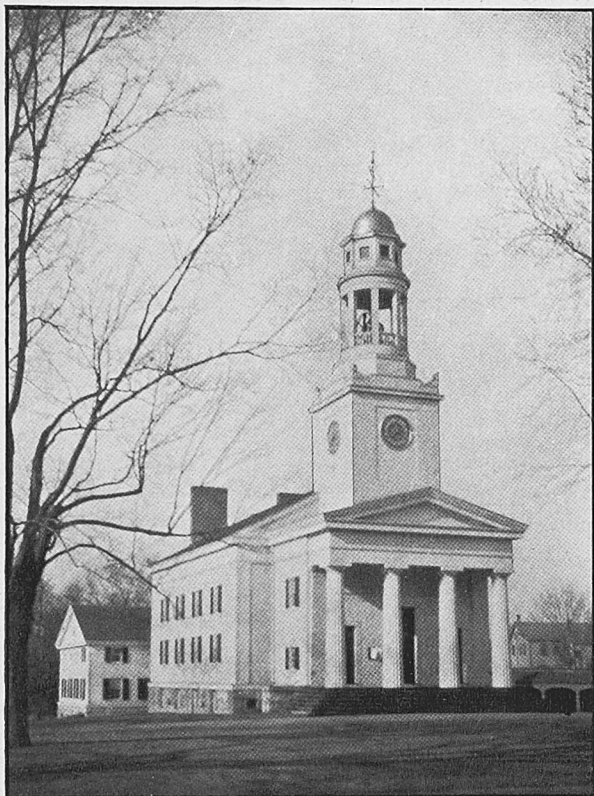


SOUTH CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, ST. JOHNSBURY, VT.

The pilasters rounded, adopted capitals of Doric, Ionic, Corinthian, even mixed those orders up. The most resplendent example of this stage in the Colonial evolution was the "Old Church" of Northampton (the Jonathan Edwards parish) with its two orders of pilasters, its Grecian pediments, its delicate entablature. It was the joy of the town. It towered from the heart of all those multiplying schools, those historic streets, beside those long green meadows, the very embodiment of an epoch in American history, in American thought. When it burned down in 1876 the taste of the times was not enlightened enough to produce a replica. New England had reached her

blackest architectural moment. To-day a finicky, make-believe French Gothic, nauseous as paper flowers, desecrates its lordly site. The ugly fraud—for it is of veneered stone—is dim within and crammed with trailing echoes. Few worship there. In all America I know of no parallel to the Old Church in this stage of the history of Colonial. Nor has America a more beautiful creation at any stage.

Those round pilasters prepared a conservative people for the last splendor of all—the open porch. At first this was buttressed on either side by a protruding mass of the building, sometimes modified to square pilasters, and then only two pillars commonly appeared. The free portico followed immediately with four—six—even eight—great



UNITARIAN CHURCH, CONCORD, MASS.

pillars of some carefully reproduced Grecian order. Ionic was exceedingly popular and Doric more common than Corinthian. The Unitarian Church at Concord, Massachusetts owned such a splendor, with Doric capitals, up to the first year of this century. When fire destroyed it the congregation, with a never-to-be-enough-lauded zeal, erected an exact copy of the old meeting-house. There it stands to-day, lordly, a loveliness of white symmetries among green branches, shouting so that he who-whizzes-by-in-an-automobile may read that Ralph Waldo Emerson did not live in vain—in Concord, Massachusetts.

The steeple marched with the façade. Being more sprightly it marched faster. It was fully developed in all its leaping beauty before the best Colonial fronts came in. It imitated—as with the Northampton Church—the English spires at first. It soon remembered that it was made of wood not stone and sprang higher, higher—lighter, lighter. Starting as a mere series of graduated wooden boxes, one on top of the other, it pierced itself with shutters that a bell might be heard; threw away

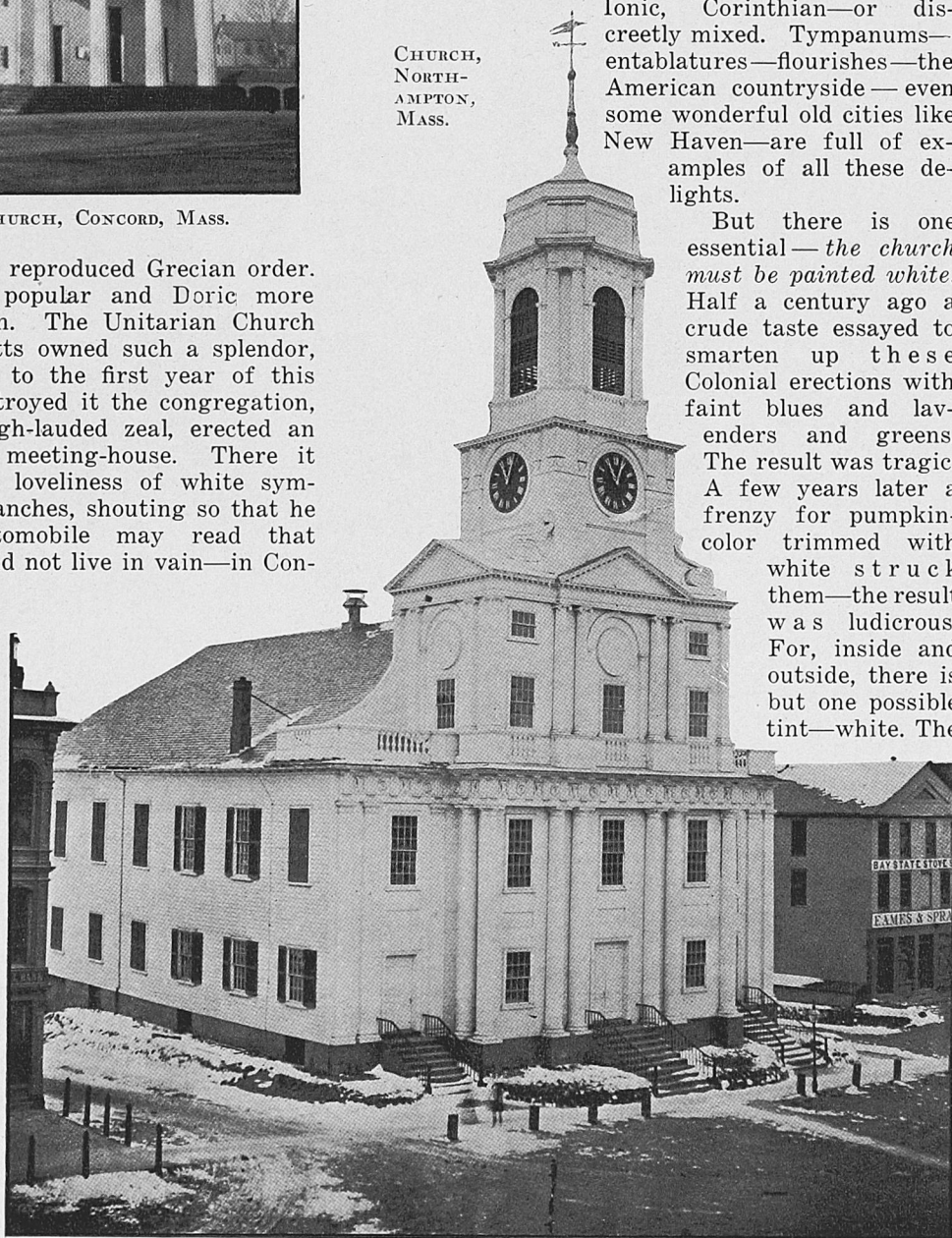
the blinds that the bell might be seen; sloughed off all recollection of its birth in brick and stone, joyously gaping to every wind that blows, wooden and unashamed. Rather wooden and proud of the fact. Our illustrations form a series. Northampton exhibits the English tradition, St. Johnsbury and Concord the escape from box-like-ness and Manchester-by-the-Sea the achievement of builders who dared to be bold. So bold they were, there by the Atlantic beaches, that nobody has gone farther.

Hear then the conclusion of the whole matter. If any parish possesses an old building, bare, unporticoed, historical but not lovely, it is a simple thing to change the exterior in accord with historical development. Let me reiterate. The tops of the doors and windows must be covered with a flat lintel unless the primitive Manchester type is reproduced with its fan-windows. But wood must be proclaimed wood to the sound of trumpets. The steeple must announce it with fairy-like proportions, the façade with delicate pillars of pilasters for the welcoming porch, square or round, Doric,

CHURCH,
NORTH-
AMPTON,
MASS.

Ionic, Corinthian—or discreetly mixed. Tympanums—entablatures—flourishes—the American countryside—even some wonderful old cities like New Haven—are full of examples of all these delights.

But there is one essential—the church must be painted white. Half a century ago a crude taste essayed to smarten up these Colonial erections with faint blues and lavenders and greens. The result was tragic. A few years later a frenzy for pumpkin-color trimmed with white struck them—the result was ludicrous. For, inside and outside, there is but one possible tint—white. The



structure is the memory of a Grecian temple built of marble and must retain the hint of marble in its aspect. True, marble is sometimes yellow! The only color capable of suggesting it to the brain of man is—white. Pumpkin-color never yet recalled Pæstum.

All that has been said of the timber Colonial is true of the brick-and-stone with two exceptions. In the latter the round Renaissance arch is preferable, though the pointed Gothic is impossible. The materials should be left in their uncolored simplicity. Old bricks give a delightful note to any street and the paint began to disappear from these wonderful meeting-houses when the last decade realized their worth as decorations. The Old South Church and The Park Street Church of Boston have recently restored their natal hue of rosy brick. Virginia is full of unspoiled examples which have never been defiled by paint.

If the outside of the Colonial Church is so often a tragedy—what can be said for the interior? It is not alone spoiled—it is slaughtered. It has gone up the stove pipe of the furnace; or at least its chief glories have. The old pews, pulpits, pulpit-settees, in which our fathers lived and moved and had their being, have been slashed to kindling wood. The dolorous tale of Hamilton, Massachusetts, is repeated all over the land. Thirty years ago two young women, exploring the cellar of the Congregational Church, discovered a marvel of a pulpit settee (the arms supported by fluted pillars), a heavy mahogany communion table to match, and a pair of towering pulpit candelabra. But the vast pulpit over which Manasseh Cutler read his kindly sermons had vanished by the stove-pipe road. The black-walnut pulpit "set," exactly like the "sets" of hundreds of other churches which had taken the place of these magnificent furnishings, was frivolous and unattuned in the sedate Colonial Church.

Many interiors are disfigured by pews of varnished oak, curved, slanted, incongruous; with a round-edged platform, a choir-box sheltered by bed-curtains on brass rings, with Romanesque details around galleries and entrances.

Now the inside of the Colonial Church had straight, square-set pews, painted white but with edgings of natural dark wood; had bare floors though carpets came in later days; a straight-front platform; much woodwork in panelings, galleries, doors, windows, all painted white. It penned the parson behind a wide-fronted pulpit, sat him down on a big square-shaped sofa, bid him minister at a communion table of great dignity and with no marble top—it cut all these objects out of mahogany or rosewood. The traditional pew had a door with a delightful button. That button helped pass away sermon-time when the boy sat next it. He so seldom did!

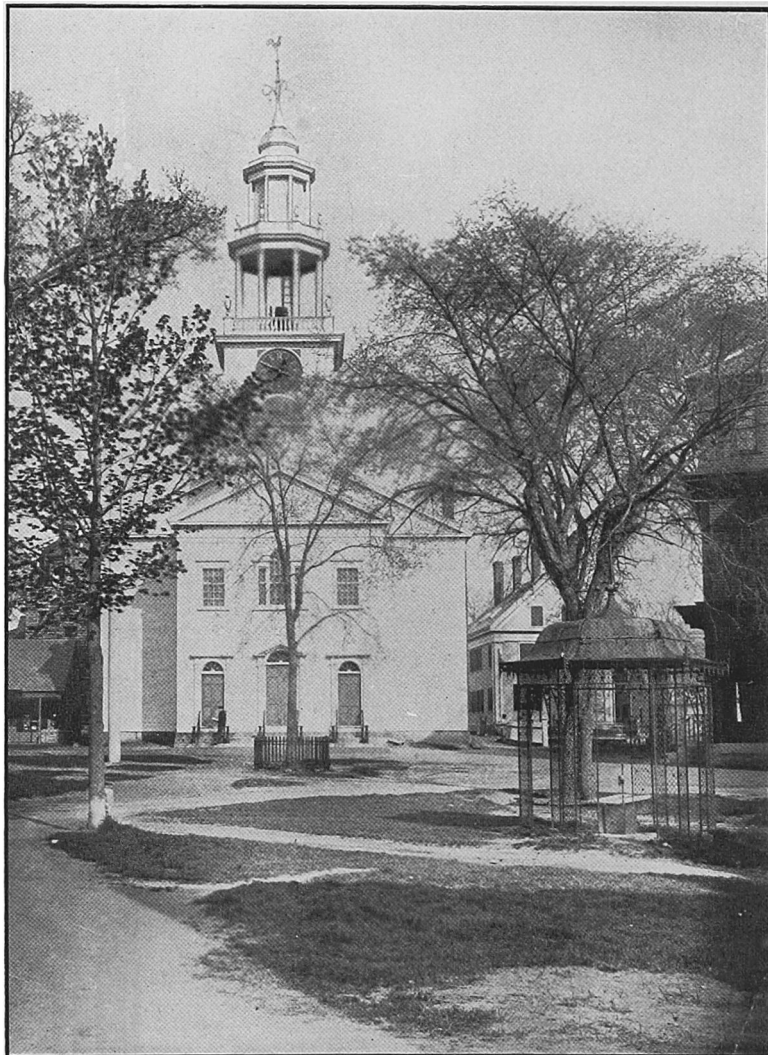
At one time a pernicious fashion painted the walls with architectural details through which the sky glowed blue. On the other hand there still survive churches with wooden pillars and entablatures built above the pulpit—painted white.

The building, which has been disfigured with any varnished, curved or fantastic modernities

should be stripped, redecorated, repewed, refurnished everywhere. Enough of the ancient furnishings survive to provide models in excellent taste.

The whole argument is based on a certain subtle fact. Why the Perpendicular Abbey looks best along the green lanes of England—the multi-colored marble Cathedral best among the pillared towns of Italy—the humpy Romanesque churches against the flat horizons of Picardy, is hard to state—they just do. And likewise the native-born Colonial meeting-house fits right into the native-born scenery of America.

James Church Alford



CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, MANCHESTER-BY-THE-SEA.